

The Real Story of Labyrinth

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Summary: Sam was a dreamer who didn't fully believe that Goblin Kings and fairies were real until he manages to wish his younger sister away to the Goblin King, Jareth. Sam agrees to complete the labyrinth but isn't prepared when he is told that the king himself is part of the maze and even though he may have gone through the labyrinth, his journey isn't over yet.

The Real Story of Labyrinth

The real story of the labyrinth is more gay than you first imagined and possibly twice as risquÃ©. The hero of our story was not Sarah but Sam. And the Goblin King was not as wicked as you thought. We begin at a park very similar to the one that we first met Sarah in but Sam was not reciting lines from his favorite book; he was writing a letter to his beloved.

'Dear Gareth,

I miss you dearly and I do wish that we could be together. However it seems that fate has other plans for us. We are doomed to be separated by fate's cruel desires. Come soon my love. I will be waiting.

Sam'

Before you wonder at how Sam was already acquainted, notice the spelling, if it is the case of your perfect match, you know to get the name right. This is Sam hoping beyond hope that someone is out there, his soulmate. Dreams have a way of eating away real time, thus Sam was jolted from his fantasy by the huge clock chiming seven. He was late.

Sam struggled to his feet and turned to his sheep dog who was lying in the grass a few feet away. "Come on, Arthur! We're late!" Sam

called and broke into a sprint as soon as the dog had climbed back onto its feet. Sam raced across the grass, trying to beat the sun's descent on his way home.

The boy and his dog ran through the park and across the street as the streetlights began to come on. Their glow illuminated the sidewalk as Sam sprinted across lawns and two more streets in an attempt to get home as soon as possible. Even at his pace, he arrived home fifteen minutes after leaving the park and was greeted at the door by his father. A frown was set on his father's face as Sam jogged up, preparing himself for a lecture.

"Sam," He didn't really want to hear it, but Sam looked at his feet as his father continued, "we just ask you to baby sit Tabatha when Karen and I go out, which isn't often." Sam shrugged as he stepped into the warm glow of his living room, "and only if it won't interfere with your plans."

"We clearly have very different definitions of often," Sam whispered. "Besides, how do you know if I have plans? You don't even ask me anymore!"

"I'd assume that you'd tell me if you had plans. I'd like it if you had plans. A boy your age should have a girlfriend and be going out on dates!" Sam's father said as he crossed his arms. Sam slowly made his way up the staircase, trying to creep away from the lecture. Sam had heard over and over again that he should get a girlfriend despite the fact that he wasn't interested in women. Not that his family actually knew that little fact. They would probably skin him alive if they knew that he wasn't straight.

"Hey Sam, you're home!" Karen said as she stepped out of a room by the top of the staircase, holding Sam's half sister. Sam glared at his father, suddenly feeling like all he had done was fail him.

"I guess I can't do anything right, can I?" Sam asked as he turned and ran up the rest of the steps and into his room.

He smacked the lightswitch as he entered. The yellow light bulb illuminated his blue grey carpet and pale wood shelves that were adorned with spiral notebooks of his story ideas. Most of which involved Gareth. Three of the walls were white, but the one opposite the door that hosted a massive window was light blue. Sam liked to open the white paned glass to watch his white, blue, and yellow curtains dance with the breezes he would allow access to his neat space. Sam sat before his dark wooden writing desk and brushed the loose pencils and paper aside to lay his head on his arms, his patterned green bedspread was just visible between his arms.

Sam stayed like until a knock sounded at his bedroom door which had been slammed shut when he had first entered the room. His stepmother's soft voice came from the other telling him that she and his father needed to leave but Tabatha had been feed and put to bed. "We'll be back by midnight and if you need anything, call me or your father on our phones. Have a good night." Sam waited until he couldn't hear Karen's footsteps anymore before fully lifting his head from his arms. He blinked at his reflection on the mirror next to his desk and stood up to grab one of his notebooks.

The dark haired boy grabbed a black spiral notebook, thumbing through

it to see if there were any blank pages left. Finding the book filled, he placed it back on the shelf and noticed that something was missing from his shelves. The small light brown bear that had been sitting on his shelf since he was ten was missing along with one of his notebooks. The bear he wouldn't mind but the missing book sent a shock of fear through his heart.

>Sam bolted from the room and into Tabatha's plain white and pink one. There they were, on the floor. He picked up the notebook and held it to his chest, letting the cool metal spiral and smooth paper cover slow his pounding heart, oblivious to Tabatha's crying. Moments passed, but he finally registered the sound.<p>

Sam glared down at the screaming girl and set the notebook down on the toy chest on the corner of the room. Tabatha wailed as Sam leaned over the white edge of the crib to scoop her up. "Calm down already," Sam muttered he bounced the baby in his arms.

Tabatha continued her wailing and Sam could feel a headache beginning to form. He scrambled for a way to quiet his half sister and then remembered the notebook which had been lying on the ground. Maybe a story would actually calm her and make her sleep so Sam could return to his room and spend the next five hours in peace until his parents returned from their date. That sounded like a fair plan to him. Plus it wasn't like Tabatha was old enough to go running her mouth about what stories Sam told her. He could probably read her his stories about Gareth and she wouldn't be able to say any of her judgements if she had any at all. Sam tried to shush his sister before he started, but to no avail. So, he flipped to the third page in the spiral notebook and started in a voice slightly harsher than the one he usually used when he murmured the tales to himself,

"Alright, Tabatha, here we go:

"Once there was a kingdom, so full of diverse and queer life, color, and mysteries, that it was separated from the one we live in today. It was ruled by Gareth, the king of the Goblins. He was learned in magic and could grant your deepest wishes, change the flow of time, and manipulate the very place in which he lived. He was tall and strong, and he fell for someone. He fell for a boy who was nowhere near as extraordinary, nor as powerful. Gareth fell for him anyway, but Fate had other plans. They were unable to remain together because of the pressures of society, and the family of the boy. This family refused to acknowledge their son's love, and detested the nonconformity of his desires, so they treated him as a slave, forcing him to care for a half-sister who was twice as spoiled and loved," Tabatha remained wailing as Sam approached, "Little did they know Gareth had presented a way to ease his suffering. He need only say the magic words and the goblins would take away the child where she would turn into a goblin herself, and the boy would be free," at this Sam scooped up his wailing half sister and held her up above his head, raising his voice, "Oh, Gareth, I can take it no longer, use your powers and take this child away from me!" Lightning flashed and set shadows running about the room as thunder boomed a few seconds later.

Sam returned Tabatha to his arms as the thunder suddenly drowned out her wails. It had begun to rain despite the fact the sky had been clear when Sam had arrived home. Sam sighed as he tried to calm the screaming child down but it seemed like she wanted the entire world to know that she was displeased since her shrieking didn't die down.

Sam glared at the ground and felt hatred well up inside of him. He was sick of Tabatha always crying and stealing attention away from him. He may be a teenager but he still wanted his parents' attention sometimes but they were always busy with Tabatha. Her father wanted him to get a girlfriend, never once considering that a girlfriend might not be what he wanted but Sam couldn't tell him that, not if he wanted to live. His stepmom wouldn't defend him and she probably cared the most about him.

"I wish I did know what to say to make you go away," Sam said as he placed his sister in her crib again, giving up on trying to get her to stop. Sam paced the room for a moment, hoping that somehow he could make his sister disappear if only so he could think. "Just stop it!" He whispered as he turned to leave the room. He paused at the light switch and stared his sister for a moment, clutching the notebook in his arms along with the stuffed bear.

"I miss that the goblins would come take you away," Sam said, his voice full of loathing, "right now." With a flick of his wrist, he turned the lights off and started back to his room. He stopped at his white door when he realized that Tabatha had suddenly stopped crying. He whirled around, suddenly terrified that something had happened to her and that it was all his fault; scared that the words that had suddenly appeared in his mind had actually caused his younger sister harm.

He crept back into the now dark room and peeked in. The room had gone silent but nothing appeared to be out of the ordinary. "Tabatha?" He whispered as he quietly stepped into the room. He approached the crib once again and didn't see his sister atop the blankets where he had left her. Thinking that maybe she had somehow managed to crawl under her covers although it didn't possible, Sam reached down to grab the top blanket and whipped it away to reveal that his sister had vanished. Lightning flashed again outside causing the boy to jump and his green eyes to widen in sudden fear.

Scratching came from the window where a beautiful, white owl was apparently trying to break in, as if it was fleeing from the storm. Sam was frozen as he stared at it for a few seconds before another noise behind him alerted him to that fact that he wasn't alone in the house. Sam spun around as cackles filled the air and lunged toward the light switch. He heard the sound of something being knocked over as he tried to flick on the lights but it seemed that the last bolt of lightning had knocked the power out. Sam turned around again as the window suddenly blew open, causing the curtains to violently shake as the wind rushed into the bedroom.

Sam covered his eyes, thinking that the owl was about to burst in and attack him but when he uncovered his eyes, the owl was nowhere to be seen. Instead, a tall, blond man dressed in what appeared to be a black chest plate and tight, very tight, black pants stood in front of him. Sam stared at him, trying to take in the beauty of the creature in front of him. The man stood a few inches shy of six feet since he stood only an inch taller than Sam. At first glance it appeared that he had two different colored eyes but when Sam glanced back into them, he realized that the differences were caused by the different sized pupils.

The man grinned at Sam and the boy suddenly got the feeling that this man was dangerous. His grin was predatory and Sam realized that he

was probably nothing more than prey in his eyes. Sam took a step back.

"Gareth?" Sam whispered, suddenly feeling as if he couldn't breathe. The man blinked at him but shook his head. "Who are you then?"

"I am the Goblin King," the blond man replied and began to slowly circle Sam. The tightness in Sam's chest refused to lessen or disappear and it didn't help that he could barely think straight just from the attractiveness of the man.

"What did you do with Tabatha?"

"I took her to my castle, beyond the Goblin City," the Goblin King replied, a soft accent caressing his words. Sam shivered as the king drew in front of him again and pulled a small, crystal ball from the air.

"I want my sister back, I didn't mean for you to take her away!" Sam cried. The Goblin King raised an eyebrow at this as with the ease of an adept he rolled the ball across his arms and hands, mystifying Sam.

"You didn't?" The king replied, lowly.

Sam didn't reply but instead slowly reached for the crystal only to have it pulled out of his reach. "What is that?" Sam said, staring straight into the Goblin King's eyes.

"A gift. It's a crystal, nothing more. But if you turn it this way," the king twisted it to the left, "and look into it, it will show it your dreams. But this is not a gift for an ordinary boy who takes care of a screaming baby." Sam's eyes widened once again and his longing for the crystal grew. "Do you want it?" The king asked with a smirk. Sam slowly nodded, not looking away from the crystal.

"Then forget about the baby."

The words snapped Sam back to the present as fear struck his heart. He couldn't forget about Tabatha if only because his parents would never let him. They would kill him if they found out that she had been taken from the house under Sam's very nose and he had done nothing to stop it from happening. If he thought that it would be bad telling his father that he wasn't interested in women, it would be even worse when his father discovered that Tabatha was gone.

"I can't," Sam whispered as he stared longingly at the crystal.

The smile dropped from the Goblin King's face and the crystal disappeared only to be replaced by a snake. Sam stared at it as it coiled around the king's hand.

"Sam, don't defy me," the king said before tossing the snake at the dark haired boy. Sam gasped as the snake landed into his hastily raised hands. In the blink of an eye, the snake transformed into a scarf which Sam dropped in surprise. The fabric suddenly moved and curled in on itself as it transformed yet again into a small goblin who cackled at Sam before disappearing into the shadows of the bedroom, "What was said cannot be undone, she has taken her place at the goblin city." Sam ordinarily would've been entranced by the lazy

purr in the Goblin King's voice, but his fear and guilt kept him from being trapped in its mystery.

"I must get her back, I didn't know. I didn't mean it!" His voice cracked on the last word and the King's lips quirked in the barest trace of a smile,

"Alright Sam," Tabatha's room began to fade, "I'll make you a deal," for an instant all Sam was aware of was the Goblin King's purr, then the world, a different world, sharpened before his eyes, "You have 13 hours to do one of two things," the king whispered into Sam's ear before stepping aside to gesture to the sprawling and massive maze that lay before them, "Complete the maze, and bring your sister home from my palace. Or," He stepped in front of Sam, blocking the boy's view of the alien world with his mismatched eyes and an unplaceable expression, "take her place." The whisper he used made Sam's heart start to race and color creep up his face. "Or you can leave her here and let your little sister become one of usâ€| forever." And the king was gone with a small smirk. When he was gone Sam's insides were a curious concoction of relief and remorse, but he set that aside, determined to reach his sister at the heart of the maze. Assuming his own would stop fluttering like a caged bird, making him mildly light headed.

"Well, come on feet," Sam muttered and with a deep breath, headed down the hill that the Goblin King had placed him on. He approached a pond where a small, ugly man whose face looked like it was carved from a weathered block of gnarled wood was apparently peeing into. Sam averted his eyes and cleared his throat. "Excuse me?" Sam asked.

"Oh, uh, excuse me," the man said as he finished. The small man turned to Sam with a slight look of annoyance which suddenly turned to surprise. "Who are you?"

"I'm Sam, who are you?" Sam replied.

"I'm Hoggle. Are you sure that your name's not Sarah?" Hoggle asked as he picked up a hand pump and waddled away. Sam followed slowly behind with a confused look on his face. What was this strange place filled with incredibly hot men that made it hard for Sam to breathe and then small men whoâ€| were spraying fairies?

"923!" Hoggle cackled as the fairy he sprayed with the pump fell to the ground in a small heap.

"No, I'm definitely Sam. Why are spraying these guys?" Sam said as he bent down to examine the creature closer.

"Cause they're nasty boogers," Hoggle replied. "924!" Hoggle cackled with glee as the next beautiful creature fell.

"They're not the only ones," Sam muttered as he stood again and stared up at the wall in front of him. How was he supposed to get into the maze to complete it? Maybe he should give up now and trade places with Tabatha while he still had the chance. Being a goblin couldn't be that bad, right?

"Where do you think you're going?" Hoggle's voice broke Sam's train of thought, he looked down at the man,

"Well I don't think I'm going anywhere, since I can't get into the Maze to rescue my sister from the goblin city!" He let out a frustrated huff as Hoggle rolled his eyes,

"You know what your problem is? You take too many things for granted." Sam huffed again, being chided by a small, weathered man, whose voice had the quality of a singing bullfrog was not something that he wanted, when his sister was trapped in the goblin city, and he was having trouble getting the Goblin King's eyes to stop swimming in his vision.

Sam blinked and shook his head. Surely he hadn't taken too many things for granted. "Alright then, so I guess I shouldn't take for granted that you know a way into the labyrinth?"

"Ah, now we're getting somewhere," Hoggle said with a grin. "It's there." The dwarf pointed at a section of the wall near the pool which suddenly began to move and revealed the entrance into the maze. Sam stood still for a moment, questioning if he really wanted to do this before slowly creeping toward the door.

The door lead into a passageway that branched off to the left and right. The walls were gray stone with green moss covering the walls in large patches. The dirt floor had sticks and large branches dotting the path as if to stop anyone from moving too quickly. On closer inspection, Sam noticed that glitter clung to everything in the passage and there were eyes in the mass that nearly made him scream when they moved and blinked at him.

"Boo!" Hoggle yelled, coming up behind Sam. The boy jumped as he whirled around to face the howling dwarf. Sam glared at him and decided that he was an absolutely horrible man. "Heh. You really going in there?"

"I have to," Sam said, steeling himself. It seemed that he was being set up like the main character in a story and it was time that he accepted that role. Unless he was a side character whose tale would be told to the actual hero but he wasn't going to focus on that at the moment.

"Well good luck and remember to not take anything for granted," Hoggle said before waddling back to continue his assault on the fairies. The doors squealed shut behind him even though Hoggle hadn't touch them as he had gone through again. The sound had the certainty of the click of a hammer being pulled back on a revolver, marking the only way to go now was forwards. Rather, left or right. The walls stretched out in either direction until all Sam could see was a pale blue haze on the horizon. He took a guess, left it was.

His feet slapping the uneven ground was the only sound aside from his breathing Sam heard, and it was accompaniment for the forward journey that was more a tunnel than labyrinth. Sam stopped, leaning against the wall, unaware of the eyes that were following him from their plants on the crooked stone.

"How can this be a labyrinth!" Sam snarled, his anxieties and guilt fraying his nerves, "there are no turns, no choices, no corners! It just goes on and on forever-" he stopped, Hoggle's voice visiting his mind, "perhaps I'm taking it for granted that it's going on forever,"

Sam stood upright, then paused, the logic in what he just said coming to mind. There wasn't very much. But there had to be some way to find an opening, he had looked like there were many twists and turns from up on the hill; he just needed to find them.

Sam leaned down and grabbed one of the branches that was lying on the ground, grimacing at the sight of all the glitter and knew that it was probably gonna end up on his clothes and in his hair within a few minutes. Sam shifted away from the wall enough so one of his hands was still touching it and extended the arm holding the branch out to the other side. The branch easily reached the other wall of the passageway and Sam nodded in approval. Maybe this would actually get him somewhere so he wasn't just walking until he hit a dead end.

Sam slowly began to walk again, keeping his eyes on the branch and waited to feel open air. After another fifty steps, the wall beneath the branch suddenly disappeared and nearly caused Sam to drop the stick in surprise. "What the?" Sam asked as he approached the area where the wall apparently disappeared.

"Ah, I see you've found the opening!" A small voice said in what sounded like a cockney accent. Sam whirled around and tried to find the source of the voice but didn't see anyone. "Ay! Down 'ere!" Sam looked down at the ground but still didn't see anything.

"Too fa', up a touch!" Sam's dark eyes snapped up to see a small, blue worm perched on a ledge in the wall. Sam leaned down so he could better see the small creature who was wearing a red scarf and had a warm smile on his face.

"Ah, there ya go! Would like to come in and have a nice cup of tea? You can meet the misses!" The worm said warmly. Sam smiled but shook his head.

"I'm afraid I can't but thank you for the offer. I have to complete this maze and get my sister back from the Goblin King. I finally found an opening in the walls," Sam explained. The blue creature nodded its head like this was a totally normal everyday thing. Maybe it was around here. Did children usually get wished away to the Goblin King? Sam couldn't really imagine such a thing happening very often due to the fact that a lot of people didn't believe in magic. Or if they did then they never spoke about it.

"Well good luck then!" The worm said and Sam thanked him before raising and approaching the unseeable opening again. He slowly walked through, scared that he was going to run into the wall but he passed through unharmed. Sam grinned and turned to the left again deciding that going left must be lucky somehow. He had just taken a few steps when the small voice stopped him.

"Wait, 'ang on!" Sam backtracked and waited for the worm to speak. "Don't go that way!"

"Don't go this way?" Sam questioned, cocking his head to the side and causing his longish, nearly black hair to fall into his green eyes. "Why not?"

"Cause if you keep on going that way, you'll head straight for that castle!" The worm exclaimed. Sam's eyes widened. So this way was a shortcut? He could complete this maze in less than an hour and get

his sister back. That seemed impossible.

"That's actually exactly where I need to go! Thank you, that was really helpful!" Sam said before sprinting down the passageway, excitement filling his body and for a moment, his body felt light and hopeful. He would make it to the castle, he knew it, he could succeed.

He wasn't walking long when he saw the castle standing stoically on the horizon like a crown on a weathered king. The surrounding city was brown and gray stone and the entire city just seemed sad. The houses were small much like their occupants. Only a few goblins sat around in the city and paid the boy no mind as he worked his way through the city. Sam picked up his pace, the frustration and guilt that made his trip that much more difficult inverted and fueled his trek forward. The castle in his vision was his point of reference as the daunting labyrinth unraveled before him.

It wasn't long before Sam arrived at huge oak double doors, with massive chains attached to the walls. Oddly enough, they didn't seal the doors but just hung on each side as if for decoration. Sam entered the castle and saw him, the King.

Sam knew what he looked like, he had seen the King before, but it didn't prepare him for the writhing mess of emotions that came with seeing the magical ruler of the goblins lounging on his throne with Tabatha in his arms, surrounded by his subjects in circular stone room. They had been subdued on the journey but they hit him again with full force when he saw the graceful predator in front of him. Whose slender eyebrows were raised in surprise, and an almost impressed smile decorated his lips,

"Well done, Sam. I was not expecting you to get this far in my labyrinth." Sam found his voice,

"What do you mean? I finished it!" The Goblin King's lazy feline grin widened,

"Oh Sam, I'm part of the maze," Sam sucked in a sharp breath, "you have to defeat me to get your sister back."

"What? But-" Sam stuttered, his mind racing. That hadn't been part of the deal, had it? The king had just defeat the labyrinth, that didn't include the king. "How am I supposed to defeat you?"

"Well I could answer that Sam, but that would take the fun out of it. After all, you got here so quickly. I don't want this game to be over just yet. Why don't you go back and look for those answers?" The king replied with a smirk as he stood from the stone throne. The goblins burst into laughter at their king's words. Sam shook from anger about the Goblin King's trick and the fact that he was having a very hard time concentrating on anything but the king's tight pants and strange eyes.

Sam spun on his heel and stormed to the door, the Goblin's laughs seeing him off and the musical chuckle of the Goblin King stroked that disjointed sound with an almost velvet hand. Sam almost had to pinch himself, he was getting way too distracted.

Sam broke into a sprint once he had left the large, wooden doors that

granted entrance into the castle. He tore through the Goblin City, the cruel laughter of the goblins and softer chuckles of their king seeming to follow him until he had left the city and was dizzy from lack of breath. Sam sat outside the gates of the city and ran his fingers through his dark hair. What was he going to do? How was he supposed to beat the Goblin King? Was this supposed to be a fight of wits or strength? Could Sam bring himself to harm the creature that fascinated him so?

"Take her place," Sam mumbled to himself before shaking his head. "I'll get both of us out of this mess, Tabatha. Someone must know how to defeat him and I'm sure that I can find them somewhere in this maze!" Sam declared, straightening his shoulders. He had gotten through this maze easily so surely finding a way to defeat the king couldn't be that hard.

"Well, come on feet," Sam said as he faced the labyrinth once again.

End
file.